

The blissefull dew of heaven do's arowze you,
The powerfull *Venus*, well hath grac'd her Altar,
And given you your love: Our Master *Mars*
Hast vouch'd his Oracle, and to *Arcite* gave
The grace of the Contention: So the Deities
Have shewd due justice: Beare this hence.

Pal. O Cosen,
That we should things desire, which doe cost us
The losse of our desire; That nought could buy
Deare love, but losse of deare love.

Thes. Never Fortune
Did play a subtler Game: The conquerd triumphes,
The victor has the Losse: yet in the passage,
The gods have beene most equall: *Palamon*,
Your kinsman hath confest the right o'th Lady
Did lye in you, for you first saw her, and
Even then proclaimd your fancie: He restord her
As your stolne Jewell, and desir'd your spirit
To send him hence forgiven; The gods my justice
Take from my hand, and they themselves become
The Executioners: Leade your Lady off;
And call your Lovers from the stage of death,
Whom I adopt my Friends. A day or two
Let us looke sadly, and give grace unto
The Funerall of *Arcite*, in whose end
The visages of Bridegroomes wee le put on
And smile with *Palamon*; for whom an houre,
But one houre since, I was as dearely sorry,
As glad of *Arcite*; and am now as glad,
As for him sorry. O you heavenly Charimers,
What things you make of us? For what we lacke
We laugh, for what we have, are sorry still,
Are children in some kind. Let us be thankesfull
For that which is, and with you leavé dispute
That are above our question; Let's goe off,
And beare us like the time!

Florisb. Exeunt.

Epilogus.

I Would now aske ye how ye l
But as it is with Schoole Bo
I am cruell fearefull: pray yet
And let me looke upon ye: N
Then it goes hard I see; He th
Lov'd a yong handsome wench t
Tis strange if none be heere, an
Against his Conscience let him
Our Market: Tis in vaine, I s
Have at the worst can come, the
And yet mistake me not: I am
We have no such cause. If the t
(For tis no other) any way cont
(For to that honest purpose it w
We have our end; and ye shall h
I dare say many a better, to pro
Your old loves to us: we, and al
Rest at your service, Gentlemen.

FINIS.

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